Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
*Shal.* Breake their talke Mistris *Quickly*,
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.
*Slen.* Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing.
*Shal.* Be not dismaid.
*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am afeard.
*Qui.* Hark ye, Master *Slender* would speake a word with you
*Anne.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde-ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
*Qui.* And how do's good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
*Shal.* Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father,
*Slen.* I had a father (Mistris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good iests of him; pray you Vncle, tel Mistris *Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vncle.
*Shal.* Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
*Slen.* I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Glocestershire.
*Shal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
*Slen.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
*Shal.* Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.
*Anne.* Good Master *Shallow* let him woe for himselfe.
*Shal.* Marry I thanke you for it; I thanke you for that good comfort: she cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
*Anne.* Now Master *Slender*.
*Slen.* Now good Mistris *Anne*.
*Anne.* What is your will?
*Slen.* My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie iest indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.

*Anne.* I mean e(M. *Sender*) what would you with me?
*Slen.* Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and vncle hath made motions if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may, your father, heere he comes.
*Page.* Now Master *Slender*; I loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.
*Fen.* Nay Master *Page*, be not impatient.
*Mist. Page.* Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.
*Page.* She is no match for you.
*Fen.* Sir, will you heare me?
*Page.* No, good Master *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)
*Qui.* Speake to Mistris *Page*.
*Fen.* Good Mistris *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.
*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
*Mist. Page.* I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.
*Qu.* That's my master, Master Doctor.
*Anne.* Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
*Mist. Page.* Come, trouble not your selfe good Master *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
*Fen.* Farewell gentle Mistris; farewell *Nan*.
*Qu.* This is my doing now; Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:

Looke